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Title: Lands of War

Author: Anwar  
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-'o'=-/\-='o'=-  
Until the ends of time.  
Ost nagramee ramen.  
Till night doth come.  
Rieme let droh x'hum.  
And sweet darkness  
takes all.  
-'o'=-\/-='o'=-

For a time, the  
peoples of the land  
wandered in  
meaningless half  
tribes and near  
colonies.  
But then people took a  
liking to  
violence. This brought  
war.

Peoples of all  
sorts began taking  
sides in every  
conflict, paying no  
mind to the reasons  
behind the conflicts.  
The keen minds of  
tactitions and battle  
commanders became  
the commodities of the  
day. Tribes on the  
same sides merged  
and solidified.  
Nations grew and  
traded in these  
scholars and  
warriors, raising  
great training grounds  
and massive research  
libraries.

Competitions  
for the masters of  
war of each school  
created vast networks  
in setting up these  
events.

Eventually, more  
schools where created

to train in the arts of  
planning events of  
scale. Eventually, the  
people became more  
educated and the wars  
died down some.

There was not a total  
peace, but most of the  
skirmishes were  
minor outbreaks on  
the edges of  
civilization. The  
classic war schools  
began teaching more  
theory than actual  
combat knowledge.

The schools stopped  
their usual habits of  
cramming promising  
young people with as  
much knowledge as  
they could then  
sending them on their  
way after winning a  
few competitions in  
the name of the  
school. They began  
building real  
communities around  
the school, based on  
the school. A place for  
the students to  
actually live and  
interact, not the mock  
combat and constant  
group rivalries that  
were so common in  
the past. Soon,  
knowledge became the  
pursuit of the day,  
the mark of one's  
place in society. The  
intellectuals became  
the ruling body, the  
less wise cast down  
into the dregs of life.

Too soon did the people  
forget the teachings of  
the first wars. The  
lower castes began to  
rise up against their  
overbearing betters.  
They had little  
knowledge of war, or  
anything for that  
matter, most too poor to

afford a good schooling, or any schooling at all. But then, the intellectuals had very little practical experience in such matters, as they had taken to conjecture and fantasy. Though the upper class had the great war machines and armouries to fortify their troops.

Despite their moneys and their knowledge, the rich intellectuals where overpowered by the hard earned survival skills of the poor working class. Bans where put on books, knowledge was to once again be passed along by way of epic orations and common folk lore. Once again the people took to mastering the arts of war. In time, the people returned to a constant state of war. Each nation fighting a different struggle, each nation recognizing completely different geographical boundaries between lands. Everywhere you looked, disagreement was to be found. Every comment held an offense to someone. Around each corner, death lingered.

The battles of this new age rivaled even the greatest of days long past. In this perpetual state of destruction, society crumbled, and in it's place stood chaos. Instead of a monetary or bardering system, people once again took

to the manner of  
obtaining possessions  
through use of force.  
Other than helpful  
advice one might glean  
from a drunken  
warrior, the training  
grounds and research  
libraries where no  
more. Any attempt at  
rule or organization  
was met with large  
mobs of citizens  
screaming  
aristocracy, leaving  
destruction in their  
wake. The lands  
remained in a state of  
chaos for many ages,  
until the day when a  
tall warrior clad in the  
darkest of armor  
appeared, riding a  
pitch black steed. At  
first, the people  
ignored him wherever  
he went. But when  
their fear  
diminished, they  
began asking him who  
he was, where he  
came from, and what  
he was doing in their  
lands. He did not  
reply, he merely  
continued riding from  
area to area,  
surveying the land,  
and taking stock of the  
peoples. After a few  
weeks of this, people  
began to call for his  
head. If they could see  
his face, they would  
see that this made him  
smiley a very  
disturbing broad  
smile. The various  
warring groups  
slowly began to unite  
and plot against this  
stranger. When they  
felt confident in their  
might and their plans,  
they found him and  
confronted him. At  
the time he was  
trotting his horse

through one of the  
more remote valleys,  
far on the western  
border. By the time  
they found him, the  
people had amassed a  
great army. The rider  
stopped short and  
observed the  
approaching crowd.  
Both he and his steed  
stood motionless as the  
people surrounded  
them. It did not take  
long for the first  
stone to be thrown,  
but a rowdy young  
boy. The boy was  
crushed by the rider's  
gauntleted fist as the  
crowd rushed him,  
those in the front  
getting crushed by the  
rush of those behind  
them. After a couple  
hours, the rider and  
his horse stood,  
bloodied, surrounded  
by hundreds of dead  
bodies. The pair  
combed the land and  
killed every living  
thing, be they plant or  
animal. When at last  
they had satisfied  
whatever drove them,  
the man read from a  
scroll, and pointed to  
the ground. A black  
moongate opened, and  
out poured an army of  
fiends. The man  
smiled to himself and  
stepped into the gate.  
He had done the  
reaping, let the shades  
finish the binding and  
transport of the  
master's new army.  
He and his steed had  
other lands to  
decimate.